

For the Children

BLUE MONDAY.

Look a-here, Mary Ann,
You stop your complainin';
I know it's a-rainin'
As hard as it can,
But what are von ganin'?
Is 't th' Lord you are trainin'?
Well—he ain't explainin'
His reasons to man!

Look a-here, Emmy Lou,
I know it's a Monday,
But in six days comes Sunday;
So quit bein' blue.
You'd think, by the whinin',
There warn't no bright linin'.
Wasn't yesterday shinin'?
Ain't Zeb courtin' you?

Life's chock full o' Sundays
To make up for Mondays.
Emmy Lou—Mary Ann,
Jes' you smile while you can.

—Jean Dwight Franklin, in Harper's.

A SILVER BIT OF "JESUS' MONEY."

Beth had a shiny silver dime. She had never had quite so much before, all at one time. She had spent this in her mind a dozen times, in a dozen different ways, but still the silver piece lay wrapper in tissue paper in a small box at home. "Come and go with me to the Loyal Temperance Legion meeting," said Beth's small neighbor, Nell, and Beth went, for the first time. When she went in she saw a queer picture on the blackboard. A tall column of barrels reached from the top to the bottom of the board, and the barrels were marked "Wine," "Beer," "Whisky," "Rum," several of each kind. Then there was a long pipe, not as high as the stack of barrels, and next to that a column filled with sticks of candy and candy-boxes. This was not nearly as high as either of the others. Then, beside these columns was a very short column indeed, oh, so very short, as it stood beside the others that reached so high. Above this was written, "Jesus' Money." Beth wondered what it could all mean, but she was soon to find out. After the bright songs and other opening exercises, Miss Lee, the leader, explained everything. This is what she said: "Children, do you see how much higher this pile of barrels is than anything else? That means that more money is spent for drink than for anything else written down here. Every year over a billion dollars in this country goes for what will hurt people, making them weak, wretched, poor and unloving, so that they even forget those they ought to care for and help. And next comes tobacco, which is another poison and does no good to anyone, but harm. Then comes the money spent for candy. It is not nearly as much as is spent for drink and tobacco, for you see this column is ever so much shorter. It is not wicked to buy and eat candy, but isn't it a pity to spend over a hundred millions of dollars for it?"

"Yes," cried the children in chorus, though they all loved candy, you may depend.

"But here," said Miss Lee, pointing to the wee col-

umn, "is what stands for the money given to Jesus to help the world. If all the money were in piles, the whiskey money would be this big one and the money given to Jesus this little one. Oh, isn't that a pity? Let me tell you how an old Indian woman gave to Jesus. She was very poor outside, but she was rich inside, for she had great love for Jesus in her heart. One day she came to the teacher with her basket on her arm. She had been to the store to buy things to eat. She stood before the teacher, fumbling at the corner of her blanket that was in a hard knot. By and by she got the knot untied and drew out a sliver quarter. 'This is Jesus' money,' she said, holding it out. 'I not spend; I keep fast for Him.' The teacher looked at the few little things in the basket and at the silver 'Jesus' money' and could hardly keep back the tears. Did not the poor Indian love much?"

The children did not answer, but their faces expressed what they thought. After a moment, Miss Lee went on. "How are we going to make these tallest columns smaller and this little one longer? Every child can help. Next week we will take an offering to help the temperance work that is trying to pull down the whisky barrels and show a better way to spend money than for any kind of poison. It is 'Jesus' money' that I shall ask for; money that you want to give to Him to do good with and help people to give up the poison. Jesus loves His work, and loves you, and so gives you a chance to do something. Earn or save what you can and bring the 'Jesus' Money' next week."

The next week Beth was there again. In the offering was a shiny dime which had no mark on that anybody could see. But Jesus puts His mark on what is given to Him, and sees what no one else does. Then He uses the love money, sending it on beautiful errands. Isn't that enough?—Julia H. Johnson, in *The Union Signal*.

THE FIGURE THAT LIED.

By E. W. Frentz.

Roy Marshall had been in school nearly three years, and almost all the time he liked it. It was fun to read and write, and geography was easy. But the number work was not like the other studies. It was a good deal harder, and he had to work longer at his lessons. Peter Greenwood, who sat just in front of him, got on much better than Roy did in the number work, and this made Roy unhappy, for always before, in the reading, and writing and other things, he had kept ahead of Peter. Roy could not see how it was that Peter could add up long columns of figures and multiply and divide, and always get the right answer, when he himself worked just as hard, and even harder, and often got a wrong answer.

One day the teacher, looking over Roy's shoulder at his paper, pointed out a mistake he had made, and said, as she turned away, "Remember, Roy, figures do not lie."

It seemed a funny thing to say, and Roy thought about it a good deal. Figures must be very good if they always told the truth. He wondered if it was easy for them. He tried always to tell the truth himself, but sometimes it was not easy. Once or twice he had